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of the golden song of the bobolink. Then joined the chorus the full-voiced melody of a farmer calling his swine. And the day was begun.

Ada, Ohio.

WHEELER McMILLEN.

THE BOBOLINK.

The metallic *tink* of the bobolink,
As he passes o'er at night,
Is the signal gong of the coming throng,
In their long-continued flight,
From the tropical rains of Brazilian plains
To their northern nesting site.

The manifold charms of buckeye farms
Have drawn him away from the land
Of beautiful flowers and verdant bowers
That were built by the unseen hand.
Soon, the fairy god's dart will pierce his gay heart,
And his little brown mate and he
Will build them a home, a glorious throne,
In a kingdom of musical glee.

In rapture he sings and the meadow-land rings
With a medley of golden notes;
They flow from his throat and onward they float
Like a fleet of æolian boats.
They tunefully tinkle as their melodies sprinkle
O'er the landscape far and near;
They jauntily jingle as they merrily mingle
With the summer atmosphere.
In sunshine or rain, ever free from all pain,
He pours forth his rhapsodies,
Over meadow and field, where with lips unsealed,
The daisies are kissed by the breeze.

Ada, Ohio.

—*Wheeler McMillen.*